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Fresno Weekly Expositor.

Fresno



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COUNTY OFFICERS:

Hon. A. C. Bradford, District Judge; Hon. Gillum Baley, County Judge; Sam'l B. Allison, District Attorney; James N. Walker, Sheriff & Tax Collector; Harry Dixon, County Clerk, Clerk of the Probate, County and District Courts, of the Board of Supervisors, Equalization and Assessors, Auditor and Auditor.

William W. Hill, Treasurer; Thomas W. Simpson, Assessor; John C. Walker, Surveyor; John W. Hill, Supt. Pub. Schools.

TERMS OF COURTS:

District Court, Hon. A. C. Bradford, Judge; Third Mondays in January, May and the Second Monday in October.

County Court, Hon. Gillum Baley, Judge; First Mondays in January, March, May, July, September and November.

Probate Court, Hon. Gillum Baley, Judge; Opened immediately upon the adjournment of the County Court, at each term.

SUPERVISORS:

Board of Supervisors meet: First Mondays in February, May and August and November.

Board of Equalization meet: Second Monday in August and first Monday in November.

Members of the Board: John G. Simpson, Chairman; John Burton and H. C. Daulton.

NOTARIES PUBLIC:

E. A. Morse, New Idra Mines; O. H. Bliss, Kingston; C. G. Sayle, Centreville.

TOWNSHIP OFFICERS:

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ROAD MASTERS:

District No. 1, Alkamah Bound; District No. 2, George Green; District No. 3, Wm. J. Lawrence; Joseph Kincaid; District No. 4, Wm. Stevenson; District No. 5, Oliver Hill; District No. 6, Henry Morris; District No. 7, Wm. Neely Thompson; District No. 8, Joseph Borden, Jr.; District No. 9, E. S. Keith.

WHEELER & WILSON

THE GREAT TRIAL OF SEWING MACHINES.

THE GRANDEST IN THE WORLD.
The Judges, the whole world; and the trial fifteen years duration.

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THE UNIVERSAL VERDICT:
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THESE MACHINES ARE ADAPTED TO EVERY VARIETY OF SEWING!

From the lightest muslins to the heaviest cloths, they work equally well upon Silk, Linen, Wool, or Cotton goods, with Silk, Linen or Cotton thread. Sewing, Quilting, Gathering, Hemming, Pelling, Cording, Tucking, Braiding, Embroidering and making Button Holes, with the greatest facility.

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Full instructions, recently compiled, and giving information upon every point in detail, accompany each machine, and enable the most inexperienced to operate without difficulty.

Our interest in the successful working of Machines is not second to that of the purchaser, and we esteem it a privilege to have correspondence or otherwise, any person requiring it.

W. M. STODDARD,
General Agent for the Pacific Coast,
Montgomery, corner Sacramento street, San Francisco.

O. H. BLISS,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
POST-MASTER, TELEGRAPH OPERATOR
and WELLS, FARGO & CO'S AGENT,
KINGSTON FERRY, CAL.

Mr. Bliss has a fine and commodious
LIVERY STABLE.

For the accommodation of travelers.

NOW I Lay Me Down to Sleep.

Golden head, so lowly bending,
Little feet so white and bare,
Dewy eyes, half shut, half opened,
Lip-sing out her evening prayer.

Well she knows when she is saying,
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
Tis to God that she is praying—
Praying him her soul to keep.

Half asleep, and murmuring faintly,
"If I should die before I wake!"
—They fingers ca-pus-sa-tion-ly—
"I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Oh, the rapture, sweet, unbroken,
Or the soul who wrote that prayer!
Children's myriad voices floating
Up to heaven, record it there.

If, of all that has been written,
I could choose what might be mine,
It should be that child's petition
Rising to the throne divine.

While the muffled bells were ringing,
"Faith to our Lord and dust to dust,"
My feet sent on faith depending—
Faith, and love, and perfect trust—

Would approach Him, humbly praying
(All the little ones around).
"Jesus, Savior, take thy servant;
Give to her thy children's crown."
—]Putnam's Magazine.

A FLOATING REMINISCENCE.

"Oh, here is sweetness in the mountin air,
And life, wh-ich bloated ease may never hope to share."

"It's an old doe," said Max, "and she's got little ones somewhere; we'll hear the wrong music this night."

It is an easy thing to call up the stalwart form of Max Trede in the old faded red shirt that I have followed many a mile through bush and brake, over mountain and bog, tracking with ease the blindest trail, dodging in and out among the trees and undergrowth, till, foot sore and weary, no other object had any interest for me until the pack was thrown down and camp announced.

Max had been in his day hunter, lumberman, and "canaler"—to use his own expression. When in a tight place he did not hesitate to "everlastingly c'aw" his adversary; yet, as his fingers pressed theudder which yielded the tell-tale milk, there was a shade of feeling on his weather-beaten face that affected me strangely and uncomfortably.

Max and I had been camping for two or three days on the lower Boreas pond, and though by no means my first trip to the Adirondack wilderness, this was my first experience in "floating" for deer.

We pushed our boat out on the lake just as the darker shades of moonless nightfall were merging earth and air and water into universal gloom. Those who float for deer love darkness, not because their deeds are evil, but because it is necessary to their success.

I was seated in the bow charged with the important duty of holding the jack, which, at a whispered signal, was to be lighted quickly and then turned straight forward.

The "jack" is simply a stick about five feet long, on which is stuck a piece of candle, partly surrounded by tin, which serves as a reflector and dark lantern. When properly held the jack sheds a long flood of light ahead, leaving all behind invisible; the deer's attention is riveted upon this strange apparition, which answers a double purpose, detaining and exposing him.

It was arranged that Max should paddle and shoot, and he, therefore, was seated in the stern, with his trusty Ballard in easy reach.

No sound from that dexterously worked paddle betrays its use, and no word is spoken that may break the spell. How eagerly my ear is strained to catch the expected sound from the lily pads; how tightly I clutch my jack; how many times I place and replace my matches for instant use; how vainly my eyes endeavor to pierce the surrounding darkness!

A foot or two from the bow the water can be distinguished, but beyond—all is black, black, black. Max seems to know his way by some sort of intuition; for, although we seem scarcely to move, at intervals a blacker blackness looms up ahead, and then our prow turns slowly and so time passes.

Very different by day is this crystal gem in its emerald setting, as we have seen it, hour after hour, from boat and from shore. The great bold mountains, towering all around, seem to hustle and crowd each other as if to get a sight of this forest beauty in her calm repose.

There is a weird interest in these impenetrable shades, however, and a charm in the stillness of this summer night that contrasts with the glorious forms and tints of day, and the mind gradually yields to a sort of dreamy resignation which, were all the circumstances favorable, might soon glide into the oblivion of sleep.

"Poor little things," he went on, more to himself than to me—"they'll find us out and we'll have them crying around all night; it's music that I don't want to hear, and know it's my doing. It's a bad night's work—tomorrow will be a sad day for them—I wish to God I'd missed her!"

With the carcass in tow, we paddled

slowly back to camp, and though very tired and glad to throw myself on my bed of fragrant boughs, it was long before I could compose myself to sleep and forget the excitement of my first deer hunt.

AN OBSTRUCTION—I never forgot my duties as a busban but onct, and then I was tempted mighty strong. I was out in the country taken sum fresh air, for which the country is so famed—the day wuz butiful, and I felt several years younger than I raly wuz. The birds split their throats to please me, and the clover blossoms shelled out their perfume quite lavish.

Suddenly on a brow of a small hill, I saw a figger of such sewperlative buty that I stopt and mechanically set myself on the top role of a fence and grazed on the superb pictur. She wuz picken strawberries, and didn't notiss me. My feble pen kant describle one side of her. I fixt my necktri, brush my hair a leetle, set my hat sumwhat gallus on the side of my hed, put on a look full ov affekshun, and then koffed slited to attrakt her notiss. She lookt up and her eyes met mines.

I could scarcely keep my s-at on the rale, I wuz so smeered all over with happiness. I flurted mi red handkercheef ently, an she smiled, an I chuckt a kiss at her, and she kist the tips of her strawberry painted fingers and picht them tods me. Then I did fall ofr the fence.

I wuz so inflated with bliss that I dropt like a feather, and soon scrambled to mi feet, but, alas, she had gone. I couldn't give it up so, and started on a stiff trot after her. I couldn't help it. I would ave follered that gal if I'd hed fifteen wifes at him waiting tew mop the floor with me. But suddenly a large sized man stood in the road and barred mi progress.

"No you don't old Skeesiek," he sed. "Sez I, 'look here mi friend, evry man wuz created ekal, indowed with certain inailinable rites, amongst which is life, liberty and the persoot of happiness. That ere girl that lately adorned the brow of that hill is mi happiness, and I'm engaged in her persoot. Git out of mi way, or this secluded patch will be pointed out by fuclar generations as the spot whare a distinguishe literary gentleman thrash a fellow ov low extracshun for gittin in his way."

The grin he gave me is still fotygraft on mi memory. He didn't move, an I squared myself off at him.

It waz a desperate confid, but I won't weary the impashent reader with the deales, but will simply remark that I didn't toller that gal.

A WESTERN paper gives the following in its weekly gossip: "Sunday being a balny day, the styles were brought out. The most richly dressed lady we saw is the wife o' a man who has owed this office \$13 for nearly five years. He says he cannot raise the money, and we believe him."

ITCH MINE.—Bowers and Gaskill, who have been for the last three years operating, at heavy expense, a claim situated on Ohio Flat, Tuolumne county, near Forestburg, made a clean up on August 18th, says the Appeal, and took out very nearly ten thousand dollars.

ELECTIONS.—The following elections are near at hand: Maine, September 12th; Indiana, October 1st; Florida, October 3d; Mississippi, October 3d. Vermont held her election on the 6th. In the other States elections do not take place until November.

PRUSSIA now has military control of 33,000,000 people, or only about 2,000,000 less than France. With the Germans in Austria added to her standard she would have 7,000,000 more than France.

THIRTY SEVEN men were killed in the Eureka mine, Amador county, since its opening. The last victim was Lawrence G. Cannon.

THE withdrawal of British troops from Canada will necessitate an augmentation of the war appropriations of the Dominion to about \$3,000,000 a year.

THE ALAMEDA BEET SUGAR FACTORY will be ready for operations by the last of this month.

It is stated on good authority that an extensive cotton factory is to be erected in South San Francisco.

THE pr position that Santa Clara county should donate \$150,000 in aid of the Alviso Railroad was defeated by 60 majority.

MAKES PROGRESS.—The bridge of the San Joaquin Valley Railroad is being constructed across the Stanislaus river, and the work of laying is being pushed forward to the vicinity of Paradise City.

slowly back to camp, and though very tired and glad to throw myself on my bed of fragrant boughs, it was long before I could compose myself to sleep and forget the excitement of my first deer hunt.

THE DEPARTED SOUL.—Heavens! what a moment must be that when the last flutter expires on our lips! What a change! Tell me, ye who are deepest read in nature and in God, to what new world are we borne? Whither has that spark—that unseen, incomprehensible intelligence—fled? Look upon that cold, livid, ghastly corps that lies before you. What a shell, a gross, earthly covering which held the immortal essence which has now left; left to range, perhaps, through illimitable space; to receive new capacities, to delight new powers of conception, new glories of beautitude. Ten thousand fancies rush upon the mind as it contemplates the awful moments between life and death! It is a moment big with imagination that clears up all mystery—solves all doubts—which removes all contraction and destroys all error. Great God! What a flood of rapture may at once burst upon the departed soul. The unclouded brightness of the celestial region—the solemn secrets of nature may be divulged, the immediate unity of the past, forms of an imperishable beauty may then disclose themselves, bursting upon the delighted sense, and bathing them in immeasurable bliss.—*Surgeon.*

A PARTY of surveyors were engaged in surveying the State line between North and South Carolina, and chanced to dine at the house of an old lady who expressed herself "downright glad to see them." That she had "allus had a doubt as to which State she lived in, and now she would like to know for sartin." They told her that she was but a short distance from the line, but that she lived in North Carolina. "Well, now, I'm right glad to know that I do live in North Carolina, for I allus hear tell that South Carolina was a durned sickly hole."

WHAT A SPECTACLE!—The Saline (Mo.) County Progress, in reference to the proceedings of the Radical Convention of that county, on Saturday, the 13th, says:

"What a spectacle! Fifteen or twenty white men, principally irresponsible characters and non-proprietors, together with about one hundred and twenty-five ignorant negroes, to meet in public convention and pass resolutions respecting the political liberty of about three thousand white men, the principal property holders of the county."

THE following is the State semi-annual apportionment of common school monies for the half year ending August 1st, 1870: For Mariposa, \$892 97; Fresno, \$791 04; Merced, \$710 70; Stanislaus, \$1,344 15; Tulare, \$1,263 81. The number of children in the State entitled to receive is 1

The Fresno Expositor

COUNTY OFFICIAL PRESS.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 21, 1870.

MINUTES OF THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

MILLERTON, Tuesday, Sept. 18, 1870.

The Board met pursuant to adjournment. Present: John Barton, Sup'r; H. C. Daulton, Sup'r; Harry Dixon, Clerk. Absent: J. G. Simpson, Chairman. On motion of Sup'r Daulton, Sup'r Barton was elected Chairman pro tem.

On the petition of J. P. H. Smith for Ferry License, it is ordered: That license to keep and run a ferry across King's River at a point known as Smith's Ferry, be, and is hereby granted to said J. P. H. Smith, for the term of five years, upon his filing a bond with two or more sufficient sureties, in the sum of \$3,000, conditioned and approved according to law, and that license do issue on the payment of \$30, License Tax; and that license do issue annually hereafter upon his payment of such License Tax as this Board may by order fix.

On petition of J. A. Pickens et al, it is ordered: That the alteration of the road from Landrum's Ferry to North Boundary as specified in the report, plat and field notes of surveyor and viewers herein filed, be, and is hereby declared the public road to the width of 60 feet; and that the old road, between the points of beginning and ending of said alteration, be, and is hereby vacated.

On the bid of W. G. Sanderson to build bridges: There being no other bid made, after careful examination of experts, that of said Sanderson for \$4150 00, is accepted, to furnish all the material for, and to build all of the four bridges specified in the plan and specifications filed according to an order of this Board, said bridges being across Cole Slough, in the vicinity of Kingston, and to be finished on or before the 15th day of December next; said Sanderson to give bond in the penal sum of \$2,000, with two or more sufficient sureties, conditioned for the faithful performance of his contract according to this order, and the plan, and specifications aforesaid.

It is ordered that this Board adjourn until 9 o'clock A. M., the 14th inst.

Attest: JOHN BARTON, Chairman, Harry Dixon, Clerk.

MILLERTON, Wednesday, Sep. 14, 1870.

Board met pursuant to adjournment. Present: John Barton, Chairman pro tem; H. C. Daulton, Sup'r; Harry Dixon, Clerk. Absent: J. G. Simpson, Chairman.

On report of George Green, Road Master District No. 2, it is ordered: That the error in one of the vouchers to said report being corrected, the same be accepted, and the sum of \$311 361 be credited to the account of said Road Master. The following bills were then allowed paid out of their respective funds to wit:

Geo. Green, 10 days service as Road Master, Dist. No. 6, Road Fund, \$40 00. W. B. Harris, 3 days services as juror, and 32 miles mileage, General Fund, \$17 00. Jos. Burns, 3 days services as juror, and 25 miles mileage, \$15 25. J. R. Edgar, 3 days services as juror, and 25 miles mileage, \$15 25. H. F. Akers, 3 days services as juror, and 27 miles mileage, \$15 75. W. N. Potter, 3 days services as juror, and 12 miles mileage, \$12 00. John Bird, 3 days services as juror, and 30 miles mileage, \$16 50. H. G. Holman, 3 days services as juror, and 3 miles mileage, \$9 75. J. M. Ault, 3 days services as juror, and 29 miles mileage, \$16 25. A. M. Clark, 3 days services as juror, and 33 miles mileage, \$17 25. J. M. C. Shultz, 3 days services as juror, and 15 miles mileage, \$9 75. J. C. Hewitt, 3 days services as juror, and 12 miles mileage, \$12 00. J. R. Rodgers, 3 days services as juror, and 50 miles mileage, \$21 50. Ed. King, 3 days services as juror, and 35 miles mileage, \$17 75.

E. C. Tuber, 3 days services as juror, September Term, County Court, and 30 miles mileage, \$16 50. James Wyatt, 3 days services as juror, and 11 miles mileage, \$11 75. Ira Stroud, 3 days services as juror, and 12 miles mileage, \$12 00. W. T. Wyatt, 3 days services as juror, and 11 miles mileage, \$11 75. P. W. Freck, 3 days services as juror, and 34 miles mileage, \$17 50. J. Rhodes, 3 days services as juror, and 65 miles mileage, \$25 25. Justin Esrey, 3 days services as juror, and 65 miles mileage, \$25 25. J. R. Barkley, 3 days services as juror, and 20 miles mileage, \$14 00. L. M. Matthews, 3 days services as juror, and 3 miles mileage, \$9 75. R. J. Betge, Record Books and stationery for county, \$406 75. Harry Dixon, services as County Clerk, &c., and cash expended for county, \$40 00. W. L. Dixon, 3 days services, self & 2 horse wagon, and cash expended for county, \$36 60. Wm. Faymonville, 5 days services as Election Clerk, Millerton Precinct, \$15 00. J. J. McCarthy, 1 day's service as Election Judge, Millerton Precinct, \$8 00. J. B. Folsom, 1 day's services as Election Judge, Millerton Precinct, \$3 00. M. W. Matthews, 3 days services as Election Clerk, Dry Creek Precinct, \$9 00. J. A. Jack, 1 day's services as Election Judge, Dry Creek Precinct, \$3 00. J. F. E. Jenkins, 1 day's services as Election Judge, Dry Creek Precinct, \$3 00. Rich. Field, 1 day's services as Election Judge, \$3 00. J. C. Thompson, 1 day's services as Election Judge, \$3 00. R. C. Thorne, 4 days services as Clerk and Inspector, \$12 00. John N. Appleton, 3 days services as Clerk and Judge, \$9 00. C. A. Yancey, 1 day's services as Clerk and Judge, \$3 00. J. N. Appleton, 21 miles mileage, bringing election returns, \$10 50. J. C. Hewitt, 12 miles mileage, bringing election returns, \$6 00. V. H. Cox, medical services post mortem examination of Bacagalupi, \$50 00.

A circular with proofsheet of chapter on county boundaries by the Commissioners to revise the Statutes, having been addressed to this Board, it is ordered:

That in conformity with their request, a protest be sent said Commissioners against the embodiment in their report of the line surveyed under the Act of the 29th of March, 1840, as the boundary between Mariposa and this County; with the recommendation that the boundary between said County be left as heretofore; and that the boundary between Merced and this county be recommended in their report to run on Township lines as nearly as may be, and according to the line designated on Map No. 2, hereby ordered sent said Commissioners; which, being drawn up under direction of the Board,

was by them signed accordingly. And it is ordered: That the Clerk of this Board transmit with said protest to said Commissioners a copy of the report of the surveyors who made said survey, and of the Map thereof filed with said report.

It is ordered that this Board adjourn until 9 o'clock on the 18th inst.

Attest: JOHN BARTON, Harry Dixon, Clerk. Clm pro tem.

MILLERTON, Thursday, Sept. 13, 1870.

Board met pursuant to adjournment. Present: John Barton, Chairman pro tem; H. C. Daulton, Sup'r; Harry Dixon, Clerk. Absent: J. G. Simpson, Sup'r. The following bills were audited and ordered paid out of the General Fund to wit:

John Barton, 4 days services as Sup'r, and 64 miles mileage, \$36 80. H. C. Daulton, 4 days services as Supervisor, and 44 miles mileage, \$32 80.

It is ordered that the Board adjourn for the term.

Attest: JOHN BARTON, Harry Dixon, Clerk. Clm pro tem.

Certified to be a true abstract from the minutes of said Board.

HARRY DIXON, Clerk.

THE RAILROAD.

The gratifying intelligence has been transmitted to the people of this Valley that a railroad down the San Joaquin Valley is in process of building. The entire force of men formerly employed in constructing the California and Oregon road has been transferred to the San Joaquin Valley Road. The Central Pacific Railroad Company has hold of it, and it is bound to go ahead, as that Company not only possess the energy, but has the means of pushing the road to a successful completion. We never had any faith in the Stockton Company. If it could have got the assistance from the counties, it would have went ahead, but otherwise there is not enough enterprise in Stockton to build a work of the kind. We are sorry for the Stockton people. They will, by the building of this road, lose their main trade; that which has assisted to sustain and build up the city; but they have let the golden moment pass, we fear! We notice our Stockton contemporary, the *Republican*, has great solicitude lest we be charged ten cents per mile for traveling on the road. Certainly we can pay that price, and save money, as compared with the prices charged by the stages, besides making a great saving in time and enjoying great comfort, that we now do not. The benefits of a road down this Valley can scarcely be calculated. It will infuse new life into everything. The thousands of acres of land now unoccupied will be speedily settled up, and the increase in wealth and population will be without parallel. We shall hail the completion of a railroad through this Valley as the dawn of a new era. We notice that T. W. Strobridge, Esq., has taken charge of the building of the road. This fact inspires more confidence in us that the Company means business, than anything else. He conducted the building of the Central Pacific, and has been in charge of the California and Oregon Road, and we have learned from personal observation that he is placed only where there is work to do. His services being too valuable to them to be spent in playing a farce. The road will be built upon the east side of the river, passing about eleven miles below Snelling.

THE WAR NEWS.—King William refuses to treat for peace with the Republican Government of France, but proposes placing Napoleon back upon the throne and concluding a peace with him. He demands territory, as well as an indemnity from France. The Republic is willing to grant him the latter, but not the former. It is now announced that Austria and Russia will not interfere. The people of France are rallying in numbers to the protection of Paris. The Prussian forces are closing in around the city. There are nearly 400,000 men under arms in the city of Paris. It is announced that Canbrot has cut his way out of Metz with 7,000 men, and that Balaiz was following him. If they have got out, it is undoubtedly a plan of the Prussian commanders to surround them with overwhelming forces and compel their capitulation. The siege of Paris will undoubtedly be most bloody, but it appears to us that it must ultimately capitulate. The German forces are greatly superior to the French, they are better armed, and in almost every way have the advantage. It is stated that a large number of volunteers and a quantity of arms have arrived in France from the United States. The blockade of the German ports by the French fleet has been raised. Metz still holds out, also Strasbourg. At the latter place the third parallel around the city has been completed by the Prussians, who are now engaged pumping the water from the moats that surround the city. Rome has been occupied by the Italian troops.

THE BUILDING and LOAN SAVINGS BANK, of San Francisco, of which Thomas Mooney was President, has failed. The liabilities are said to reach \$200,000, with nominal assets. The loss will fall principally upon the laborers and mechanics, and will consequently be painfully felt.

THE SUPREME COURT has refused, very properly, to release Walsh, charged with the killing of Atwell, at Snelling, upon a writ of *habeas corpus*.

THE INJUN MUSS.

KOKERNALL CRICK, September 1.

Placin me in frunt we agin tuk up the crick, hevin orders that the fust Injun we seed tu pull our pipes and go to smoakin rice in his face. We mooved on mity lonesum-like fur a while, seein 'number-sum tracks pintin' forwards, till we soon cum in hearin a' nijun camp, and nutth in seemed to bother our goin into it cept the thousan at win, poor, mangy, razor-back dogs, that broak out thru the chaparel arter us. I struck clus tu Nautpee's side, while Robart kivered every inch of Chowchity's shadde, and arter sum jindishus manuverin, in hasty movements round the manzanner brush, we held a mity ticklish lease on our preshus flesh, till the ole muckhaws rustled tu our reskew, when a few ernest, guttured "hiskee-woss" from their huskey throats brok the whole pack by degree tu a lo untorgivin' growl. Mr. Editor, did you ever think or what the wurd dog ment? Well, jest go wance to an Injue kamp and you will see it depicted in the dog's looks better nor enny dictshunary larnin could give it—big' heads, skowlin' yes, snarly mouths, fox yered, crap-yered, and lop-yered; short-tailed, bob-tailed and long-tailed; dirty-white, sutry-black, Spanish brown, lead culled, and the same culle agin with black spots in it; brindle and yaller, long haired poodles, short haired, bench legged fices with thair scowls curled up so tight that their hind legs will hardly tetch ground; the bigger the dog the poorer he is, and the bigger his head; so that for him to pursue his heft, the most of them hev to undergo the painful dewty of keepin their heads upon a line with the pints ov their tails, when rased, jest to keep their hind' parts from flyin up. This wun reson Robart sed why he cud track up things so well; as he allers felt so sorry for the poor dogs he cud not bare the thot ov workin them so much to their discomfut. Well, I hev kinder got o'n the track—but dogs ar grader institushuns and must hev their day, tew. We soon got over the dog skeer and maved up boldly into the hart of the kamp. The Injuns looked mity bewildered at us. Chowchity soon found the lay ov things and led us strate tu the head-quarters ov the big captains wher tha wu'r all sittin round in a ring on the ground. They gin a kinder unwholesome don't-keer look and mos'huned us to set down. Chowchity set betwixt Robart and me kase he was ter du the talkin fur us till we war better acquainted. Robart hed them all tu take a soshal poff roon outen his pittiest feather stem pipe. At the same time we wu'r watchin the lay wu things around. We cud see that their big kamps reched far over the hill and a long ways up Rock Crick, and out in front ov every onchum the bows wu'r a hangin already strung, and their fox-skin quivvers wu'r chuck full ov fresh barbed arrers; and smart squads of bucks wu'r seen a goin and cumin awl the time, and the ole witches wu'r mopin about with their kungurin stix under their arms, and medisin bags strung round in the belts. We put it up that a development wu'r at hand. And there wu'r no time tu spare in cummin at the objeck of our misshun. And Robart mounted a rock and begun makin them a peaceable talk. The capitans all rolled up their eyes scowled at wun another and mos'huned him to set down. This tuck Robart off terribly and he looked like he wu'r sent fur and wu'n't needed when he got there. Then he changed his tactix, and put Chowchity to pumpin them to find out what wu'r up. And it turned out in the kumplete undoin ov all our surpishuns kalkeralshuns. Arter all, what wu'r? A Injun witch rumpus! The witches hed it that an ole witch that die last summer, who was a terror to all the tribes, hed cum tu life agen, and hed turned into the biggest kind ov a Kaliforny Lyon, and that it wu'r just snort over an Injun's grave and bring the ded tu life, and then wu'd eat them up in a seckond, and that when this moon wu's out wu'd cummence on the live wuns. And now they hed kollected their witches and 'brais tu give this gos' ov monster a desparate chaise. "Well, Robart," sez I, "let's slip back the highest cut home and let nobuddy no ov any sich fullishness." With shadys ov disappointment getherin in his face; sez he: "Wilyunn, try the things hev taken a diffrent turn frum our kalkeralshuns; but let me tell you, as shure as you live, there is sum heft in this yet; the witch part ov this may not be so, but I du beleav the Lyon part ov it. You kno that theze big lyons du sum times cum down outn the mountins, and ar an orful savagerus varmit, and hev bin knone tu eat folks, sue enuff. And this wun bein run and hampered in by the Injuns, will make it more bluddy minded, and we must jine in and stop his kareer before eny divilment brakes out. And so I want you tu taik Nautpee and go back home this nite, and git the guns and dogs, and bring me sum civil wearin cloze, and me and Chowchity will go and stop at the ole Arnal Doby tu nite; and you meet me there sur' in the morning, and we cum go into the hunt in gude trim."

And so Nautpee and I struck out on a bee line, in post ha't, and about the middle ov the aternuus we cum upon Pete

Scratchly and Jake Sously, at Simpson's ole catel kamp, who wur out huntin sum range, tu sell tu sun sheep man, that warn't kivered with an Injun grant. They sed they didn't care a dried apple be durned fur Injuns. I told them what we'd hef dun, and what wus now up. See they, durm the lyons, they axed them no more odds than Injuns, "and are you Bill, goin to make yourself a ful ey longer. Go home and keep mum; Bob is allers sullen round for sensahuns; and by gummy, now is a good time to fit wun on him." I hed told them that Bob wud come to the ole-doby fur the nite. These fellers were full ov fun and antix. They made me knoin to a ruze they wu'r goin to play on Robart that nite. They tolle me and Nautpee to go on and stay at Bob's and say nutting more about lyons. They fit out the strait down to Steve Reed's lower place and got such tools as they needed and made an ole Arkansaw tute machine, what they call a "Dumb Bull," and as it may be a nu ideau moat folks we will jest tell what it is. It is made outn alder wude, or we made them back in the States outn holler sassafras. Take a cut ov about 10 fute long and, a half a fute thru, and then boar it out down to a thin shel, and then stretch a raw hide over wun end, like the hed ov a kittle muster drum, then run a delikate raw hide whang threw the senter ov the hed, and put it tite up agin a not on the on the other end ov the whang and let the tuther ende hang thru the inside, and then pull on this string with wun hand, till it tites up like a banger string, then fit a hard thump in the inside, which makes the musick cum. It betes painter scremin, bare growlin and Lyon roarin, all put into wun throat. Wish sich a trick rigged to their noshun, Pete and Jake tuk their stand on a pile ov high rocks that overlooked the ole doby. About dusk Robart and Chowchity arrived at the house. They gin sines ov bein mitly worried, but stepped out down to the crick and a pulle sun sope rute, and Robart hed Chowchity to wash the paint off ov him and went back, dressed a jack rabbit what they hed taken on the way, briled it on the coles and eat it up with a cummin stumake, and then went in and barred the doors up, made up a leard net fire and tried to sleep. Robart's mire wu'r on the Lyon. As tired as he was he wud sot down wun minit and then the next wud be pacin the durt flore backwards and forwards, and then listenin and lunkin thru the crax. He finery laid down and tride to sleep, but his partener's low snorin, played on his quivver nerves, so he cudn't even get into a ketch-nap. About now Jake and Pete konkluded they woul tera their dumb bull in. They went over in the fur side ov the hill in the lower end ov Steve Reed's flat, and then let her off wun thump. Robart hed it almost afore the sound left his mouth; they cum on up to the top ov the hill and gin it another hevy thump. They cum on down the ravine, as they cum; by this time poor Robart and Chowchity wu'r both runnin round, jumblin agin one another, like turkeys in a pen. Robart hev beard sayin: "Lord hev mirey! that thit is! that is! It's cummin! It's cummin! Don't you hear its claws crashing the bushes down, and its hungry teeth a' Nashin?" While Chowchity wu'r ketchup his breath at brokin inturvis and whine out, "Hissie koo-grandee etc icera, bamos, Bob, bamos," The fan was runnin high with Pete and Jake, and as they cum nearer and nearer, they raised it louder and louder. Amid the din frum the inside, Chowchity's jargon was heard agin: "Bamos! bamos, Bobee: mis-dios, bamos!" One more low howl and then a big roar—the fastenins let loose frum the inside and the wu'r all let loose frum the outside and still they burnt the wind and didn't stop under a four mile heat, which wud bring em home. I hed stopped at Robart's fur the nite arter slippin ov his Injun clothing for my own, and hed put the best culker I hed to the situashun. We barred up the doors and all went to bed. I lay wake listenin fur cummin events. Putty sure I heard a lumberin downn the chapterel hill and quick snappen of brush, and a tip-a-putty is ov a pair or feet, sure, as the open road was struck, above the new barn, on a wind-burnin stretch, till a leap over the garden fence and few running jumps and these foot steps bounded into the pizzazz; and a chokin voice that I reckoned as poor Robarts, sung out, "Oh Polly! Polly! open the doar: fu' God's sake, or on the doar! There is a grate big Kaliforny Lyon rite arter me." He didn't wait for a perlite answer, but in a batterin ram stile he cum aginst it with such heft, that he rocked it plumb of the hingins, and stode it almost thru the plankum on the tuther side, and he fel kerrumix into the middle ov the floor; but he riz like a comitstreeks sealed the wall and straddled a jice as a last security agin the bluddy jaws ov the pursuin Lyon. Ole Muther Flampitty, and his wife Polly jumped and put the door in its place and set the big table up agin it, and then screamed out: "Robart! oh Robart! fur mirey sake! it surely can't be a Lyon!" "Oh! yes; but it is, kase I hearn it roar from its own mouth, myself. For jest art we stopped at the ole doby, I hearn it give a sharp openin up over Steve Reed's lower place. It then kept it up every wunce in a while, a headin strait on for the doby, till it cum to the big pile ov rocks just over us, and there it roared and pawed around a long time, as if takin the scent ov us; then it cum on,

slidin its lubberly self down the hill, and knashin ov its teeth. Lordy, I was then skeered into three fits a minit; it now cum betwix the ole kurrell and the house tu where we hed thrown out the entrails ov a jack rabbit, and that it smelt blad, and then the gee whitaker how it did roar. Then, you bet, rite thar, me and Chowchity got outn that ole doby shell 'thout axin any questans; and jest by fairly burnin the very wind I've made the stretch frum its bluddy jaws; and as for Chowchity he evident fan the chapterel brush along with me; I know the ternal varmit he nabbed him up in the fast streches ov the rase!" All the while I lay like I was sound asleep, and kep stuffin the bed close in my mouth to keep from spilin the joak, and jest as ole Mother Flampitty rited up the leard-knot in a full blaze, I cud see the blud tricklin in runnin streaks down Robart's bare, lassered legs in a puddle on the floor, and he looked a pale as a cloth, when Polly screched out: "Robart! on Robart! cum down outer you; you're gwine to fante." Rite then I herd suthin drap, and poor Robart lay a helpless mess on the floor; a few goard-tuls of cold water thrown into his face brok him tu, however. We put him in bed, and I rubb'd his chaparral scratches well with cow-fite oil, and in a day or tu he was so tu be about. By that time the joak leeked out, and soar as he is yet, if you wud say tu him, "Gee whitaker, how it did roar!" you'd get tu fites on your hands a minit. Several days afterwards Chowchity was soon moopin and limpin round the rancheria like a tuck-up turkey in the snow. He says, "Bobbed ne like lion holler—no mucho bravo—he sabe more run, jump bush all same like antelope."

The Fresno Expositor

Listening Angels.

Blue against the bluer heavens
Stood the mountain calm and still;
Two white angels, bending earthward
Leant upon the hill.

Listening, leant those silent angels,
And I, also, longed to hear
What sweet strain of earthly music
Thus could charm their ear.

I heard the sound of many trumpets;
And the war-like march draw nigh;
Solemnly a mighty army
Pased in order by.

But the clang had ceased; the echo
Soon had faded from the hill;
While the angels, calm and earnest,
Leant and listened still.

Then I heard a faint clarmor;
Forge and wheel were clashing near,
And the reapers in the meadow
Singing loud and clear.

When the sunset came in glory,
And the toll of day was o'er,
Still the angels leant in silence,
Listening as before.

Then as daylight slowly vanished
And the evening mists grew dim,
Solemnly, from distant voices,
Rose a vesper hymn.

But the chant was done, and lingering,
Died upon the evening air;
From the hill the radiant angels,
Still were listening there.

Silent came the gathering darkness,
Bringing with it sleep and rest;
Save a little bird was singing
In her easy nest.

Through the sounds of war and labor
She had wrapt all day long;
While the angels leant and listened
Only to her song.

But the starry night was coming,
And she ceased her little lay;
From the mountain tops the angels
Slowly passed away.

—[Charles Dickens.]

FOR THE CHILDREN.

"Sir," said a boy addressing a man, "do you want a boy to work for you?"

"No," answered the man, "I have no such wants." The boy looked disappointed; at least the man thought so, and he asked: "Don't you succeed in getting a place?"

"I have asked at a good many places," said the boy. "A woman told me you had been after a boy, but it is not so, I find."

"Don't be discouraged," said the man in a friendly tone.

"Oh, no, sir," said the boy, cheerfully, "because this is a very big world, and I feel certain God has something for me to undo it. I am only trying to find it."

"Just so, just so," said a gentleman, who overheard the talk. "Come with me, my boy; I am in want of somebody like you."

He was a doctor; and the doctor thought that any boy so anxious to find his work, would be likely to do it faithfully when he found it; so he took the boy in his employ and found him all that he desired.

Yes! God has something for everybody to do in this world. It is a big world and there is room enough for all.

A LADY had taken a little homeless girl to bring up as her own. When the hard times came last year, the lady, who was not at all rich, was afraid she could not sustain so large a family. One day she told the little girl that perhaps she would have to get her another home if she could find a good place.

"No, mother," answered the child, "you won't have to send me away; God will give you something so you can keep me; I know he will."

The mother thought no more of it at the time, but a little while after, hearing a sound up stairs, she opened the door and listened. It was the little girl at prayer.

"O God, good God, do send mother something so she can keep me; I don't want to go away. O good God, do send mother something!"

Pretty soon she came down stairs with a very happy face, saying, "God will send you something, mother; I know he will."

That evening a neighbor came in with little present, just for neighborly kindness, of flour.

"There, mother," said the child, "I asked him and I knew he would."

SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY RAILROAD.—A gentleman likely to be especially well informed in the matter, says the Mariposa Gazette, writes to a citizen of this place as follows concerning the railroad now being built up the San Joaquin valley: "The railroad will be built one hundred miles from Stockton before the rainy season. They are now working on the Stanislaus river bridge with a force of three hundred men—this is Stanford & Co., and the road will be on this side of the San Joaquin river."

A MAN with four wives was brought before Hans Swarhart, a Mohawk Justice, for commitment on charge of bigamy. "Four wives!" exclaimed the astonished Hans; "four wives! Dat was a most hideous crime! Discharge him at once!"

"Why," protested the prosecutor, "why discharge him when the proof is positive? Will the court explain?" "Yes, I eck-splain. Off he lif mit four wives he cot punishment enouf. I lif mit von unt I cot too much."

THE State Capital Commissioners have purchased a lot in Sacramento, at the cost of \$14,000, on which to erect a Governor's mansion, \$50,000 having been appropriated for that purpose.

HOUSE, FARM AND GARDEN.

FEED THE FRUIT TREES.—It must be apparent to every reflecting person that the material round about a fruit tree, which renders important aid in the production of fine fruit of any kind, must necessarily be more or less exhausted after a vine, bush or tree has produced abundant crops for several successive seasons. For example: A large pear tree or apple tree will frequently yield from ten to sixteen bushels of fruit annually. Many trees have produced more than twice these quantities at one crop. After a few seasons the material that the roots must be supplied with, in order to develop fruit, will be more or less exhausted. For this reason fruit begins to fail, and the failure is often attributed to an east wind or some mysterious atmospheric influence, when in reality the sole cause is starvation, arising from an impoverished soil. The remedy is to feed the roots of all kinds of fruit trees with lime, wood ashes, chip dirt, gypsum, bones, fishes, and anything that will renovate an impoverished soil. It is evident that fruit trees cannot produce fine fruit out of nothing, or out of such material as may be desirable for some other purposes.

A NEW WAY TO DRY PEACHES.—Dr. Joseph Treat, of Vineland, New Jersey, gave last season the following, and as he says, new directions for paring peaches for drying:

"Never pare peaches to dry. Let them get mellow enough to be in good eating condition, put them in boiling water for a moment or two, and the skins will come off like a charm. Let them be in the water long enough, but no longer. The gain is a great saving of time in removing of skins, great saving of the peach—the best part saved—less time to dry them and better when dried. A whole bushel can be done in a boiler at once and then the water turned off.

TO KEEP NAILS FROM RUSTING.—When nails are used in a position in which they are greatly subjected to air and moisture, it will always pay to prepare them in such a way that they will not easily rust.

"This may be accomplished without any trouble by heating a quantity of nails on a shovel and throwing them while hot into a vessel containing coarse oil or melted grease. The nails should be so hot that the grease will be made to smoke freely. Cut nails prepared in this manner are improved in every respect. They are rendered tougher and will outlast any kind of wood, even though buried in the ground; while unprepared nails are completely destroyed in a very short time.

A FARMER near Marysville expects to realize from seven to eight thousand dollars for the product of seventeen acres of land upon which hops are cultivated.

UNDILUTED ENGLISH.—This is the pure undiluted English for "Jordan's a har road to travel."

Perambulatory progression in the pe-traninary excursion along the far-famed thoroughfare of fortune, cast up by the sparkling river of Palestine, is indeed attended with a heterogeneous conglomeration of unforeseen difficulties.

AT New Haven, a man named Halpine went to a drug store for powdered rhubarb. Owing to the sleepiness of the clerk, who was a blacksmith's apprentice, hired for the time being, he got powdered opium, and his family are now in mourning. The boy says he thought it smelled kinder different from rhubarb.

A BAR of red-hot iron went through a man's body, at Troy a few days since. He noticed it in a minute, although no one told him anything about it. He has concluded it isn't necessary to die for a little thing of that nature. He says it went through him first-rate, but he prefers some more mild cathartic.

A PREACHER of Waukesha, Wisconsin, has been discharged for being personal to his hearers. He said: "If you should take a barrel and fill it with the Holy Ghost, and another and fill it with whiskey, and call this congregation up and let you take your choice, the whiskey would be gone first."

DISPATCH dated Denver September 3, says: The Santa Fe Post says that the last Tucson mail coach was captured and burned by Indians west of Fort Bowie. Arizona Jack Collins, conductor, his driver, and two soldiers composing his escort, were killed.

A YANKEE girl whose wooing and winning by a Nevada man had been accomplished by mail, rejected him on his appearance, because he was "such a little spud of a fellow."

WELLS, Fargo & Co., shipped from Virginia City on September 3d 54 bars of bullion, valued at \$138,628 71—one of the largest shipments ever made from Virginia.

THE first shipment of wheat and flour overland to New York, was made last week from Sacramento, of 100 tons.

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(It is not to be understood that the following table is the time to make the garments, but to do the stitching only.)

| By MACHINE. | By Hand. |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|
| | Hours. Min. Hours. Min. |
| Gentleman's Fine Shirt. | 1 16 15 26 |
| Fine Coat. | 2 38 15 25 |
| Flax Vest. | 1 14 7 19 |
| Cloth Trousers. | 1 51 5 10 |
| Cloth Dress. | 1 13 8 27 |
| Calico Dress. | 0 57 3 37 |
| Chemise. | 10 10 81 |
| Night Dress. | 1 7 10 2 |
| Muslin Skirt. | 0 30 7 10 |
| Muslin Skirt, 15 ticks. | 2 30 22 10 |
| Infant's Linen Robe. | 0 35 5 5 |
| Infant's robe 50 plats. | 25 45 50 |
| Plain Drawers. | 0 35 4 5 |
| Stitching 8 lks Skirt. | 11 30 50 20 |
| Stitching 12 lnen collars. | 43 10 5 |
| Stitching 12 lnen cuffs. | 40 10 15 |
| Stitching 12 white fronts. | 20 23 20 |
| Stitching 12 lnen chancels. | 45 8 60 |
| Boy's Pants. | 0 49 35 50 |
| Boy's Vest. | 0 35 2 50 |
| Boy's Coat. | 1 15 7 20 |

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